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In loving remembrance of our brother
in gray

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In Loving Remembrance

—OF—

Our Brother in Gray on Land and Sea,
The Supreme Military Figure of the Ages.

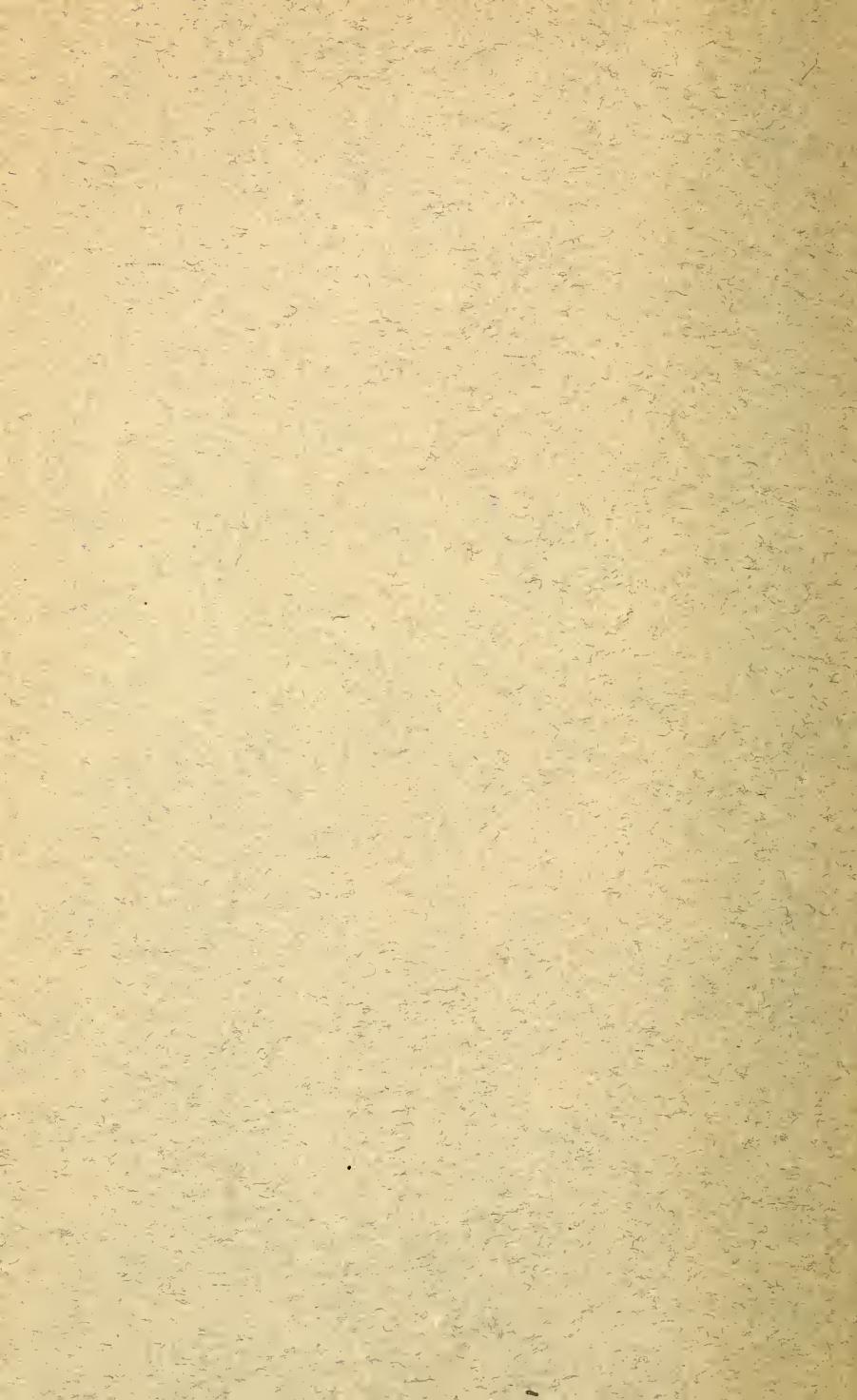
“No country e’er had a truer son, no cause a nobler champion,
No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer victim.
Than the soldier commemorated here.
The cause for which he perished is lost.
The hopes in which he trusted are shattered;
But his fame linked with immortality,
Shall in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.
In honor now, our hero rests,
And history shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits who have been
In all conjunctures, true to themselves
Their country, and their God.”

BY A FELLOW COMRAD IN ARMS,

JULIAN S. CARR,

Privath, Co. K. 3rd N. C. Cavalry, Barringers Brigade,
A. N. V.

2nd ed ?



EX CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF BERTIE, AND SUR-
ROUNDING COUNTIES, MY COUNTRYMEN, LA-
DIES AND GENTLEMEN.

I hold it one of the greatest honors and pleasures of my life to be with you to day. I desire to thank my distinguished friend for his kind and eloquent words of introduction, I only wish I merited a tithe of the handsome things he was kind enough to say of me. I have long desired to visit the glorious Albermarle section. Celebrated for its gentle climate. majestic pine and cypress areas, splendid rivers, and shimmering sounds of silvery waters, with their vast fishing industries; I have longed to see this land with its moss wreathed swamps needing only the magic hand of capital, to make them fields of waving green, and golden harvest—this land famed for its warm and princely hospitality, its culture, refinement, and fierce love of liberty, and for its brave men and beautiful women. I repeat I am happy to be with you to day. Bertie county has produced many noble and illustrious sons, one of whom I often have the pleasure of seeing—Dr. George Taylor Winston, who is directing with honor, and success the greatest educational Institution of the South. And another, Robert Watson Winston has recently come to the city in which I live, to devote himself to that profession whose ermine he has adorned, and whose practice has given him honor and fame throughout North Carolina. And the names of Captains Garrett and White and Cherry and Sutton and Jacocks and their brave comrades will be loved and honored by your people even as the names of Robert the Bruce and of Wallace, and the Claus are revered by the Highlanders of Scotland.

Time and occasion will not permit me the pleasure of mentioning the names and deeds of the many distinguished sons of Bertie. No county in North Carolina has surpassed them in valor upon the battle field, in wisdom in Halls of State or in burning oratory on the hustings, and in the Forum. Her William W. Cherry was the Sargeant S. Prentiss of North Caroliaa. Here too, in the County of old Albermarle now bearing the beautiful name of Bertie, we find ourselves surrounded by scenes, that thrill the heart, and suggest great events in the history of our country. Not far away the sun smiles upon the birth-place of Virginia Dare, the first English child born on American soil, and upon a

bay, whose beauty reminds one of the "pride and glory" of Naples, is Edenton, whose noble women, struck the first spark of American Independence at their his toric tea party.

And now I hear the roar of guns at Plymouth, and Hoke's splendid division, and the famous Albermarle, under Capt. J. W. Cooke, who it was said "would fight a powder magazine with a coal of fire," drive the Federals out of the town, and add another victory to the Confederate arms—the wonderful Ram Albermarle that with the Merrimac in Hampton Roads, set a lesson for the Nations, that revolutionized naval warfare, and has covered the seas with steel monsters, whose battle flags are involuntary tributes to Confederate genius and valor.

Again we hear the boom of guns, and Roanoke Island is shaken by the thunder of cannon, and wreathed in the fire of batteries. Yes, we are in the midst of historic scenes that will inspire the youth of this favored section of North Carolina, to emulate the heroism of their fathers, and the fortitude and sublime devotion to duty, which their mothers displayed.

My Countrymen, My Brothers, I come to day with no purpose to deal in mere compliment, or exaggerated phrase, for however pleasant to me, unless I can say something useful, it were better that you had honored some other with your invitation to address you on this sacred occasion.

I shall endeavor to speak with the impartial tongue of history and of love, and for a brief space, I ask your attention to a consideration of this sentiment:

Our Brother in Gray on Land and Sea, The Supreme Figure of the Ages.

The most of you know, all that I know, and more, touching that sublime character, for his achievements have been heraled from "the blushing Orient to the drooping West." But we owe a duty to our children, to those who have come up around us during the past thirty years. At Appomattox, General Lee, almost crushed by the grief of contemplated surrender, exclaimed, "Oh that posterity might understand." Let us dedicate our lives to teaching posterity to understand the justness of the Confederate cause, and the splendor of its arms.

When Æneas the Trojan was commanded by the Queen of Carthage to relate the tragic story of the fall of Troy, he gave expression to his unutterable grief in the question, "Who of the Myrmidons, or what follower even of the stern Ulysses could refrain from tears at such a recital."

Time was my Brothers, when we could not recite the "I had of our woes," without weeping. But the years have softened our grief to a sweet and gentle memory, and duty which General Lee declared, "the sublimest word in our language," calls us to speak.

SECESSION.

The cause of the colossal contest in this country from sixty-one to five, was not slavery, as many suppose; slavery was only the occasion, not the cause of the war. The magazine was ready. Slavery was the spark that caused the explosion. Says the Historian, "The causes of the Civil War cropped out during the Colonial era, and became fully apparent during the debates of the State Assemblies, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution."

One of the greatest writers of the North declares, that "the war that broke out in 1861, was only the overt act of long standing aversions, and to talk of treason, was ridiculous in the masses, and false and perfidious in the leaders. The movement of sixty-one was not treason, nor rebellion, but war between different portions of American society, about the proper construction of the Constitution."

The right of the States to withdraw from the Union, was never disputed, until shortly prior to 1861. The first mutterings of Secession, came from the North, when in 1793 Theodore Dwight declared, that "before his people would submit to the prosecution of the impending war with England, they would separate from the Union."

The right of Secession was proclaimed and threatened in 1803, 1812, 1840 and 1850, and on the 17th day of December, after the Secession of South Carolina, Horace Greely, probably the bitterest abolitionist in the North, wrote in his journal these words: "If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of three million colonists in 1776, we do not see why five million Southerners may not withdraw from the Federal Union in 1861. If the Southern States choose to form an independent nation, they have a clear moral right to do so."

General Grant said, in his memoirs, "the Constitution did not authorize the war, but it made no provisions against it." Mark it, these are Northern authorities, as to the right of secession, quite sufficient to convince any one, but the overwhelming arguments in its favor, advanced by Davis, and Stephens and Bledsoe and other Southern statesmen, were sealed with the blood of Southern chivalry, and admit of no answer:

The right to withdraw from the Union being conceded, why did the South desire to exercise that right? "Because of the intolerable political situation," says Mr. Remelin, "that brought attacks upon the Constitutional rights of the Southern States, from which there was no defense but a bloody resistance."

It is part of the history of this country that the first entrance into the slave business, was not only *in the North* but by Massachusetts *as a colony*, in 1836. So we find that the traffic in blood and bones was introduced and pursued as long as profitable, by the fathers of the men, who in 1861, under the pretense of battling for human freedom, forced a bloody war upon the men, to whom their fathers had formerly sold their negro slaves.

Slavery was an extraneous question by which Northern Demagogues moved the masses of the North to stab the Constitution in the name of Liberty—for slavery was part of the very life of the Federal Constitution, guaranteed by the Fathers, and ratified by the Nation.

WAR.

And now in the last days of 1860, the contest for State Rights and Sovereignty, is adjourned from the Halls of States. Behold the Arbiter!

"The giant war, in awful power stand
His blood red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death shot glowing in his fiery hands,
An eye that searcheth all it glares upon."

The host of the North is marshalling for the conflict, See! their fluttering banners, marching columns, their black wheeled guns, their splendid cavalry, gathering "in war's magnificently stern array."

And now like the answering defiance of the South wind to the North, before some mighty storm off Hatteras, so powerfully portrayed by a great poet, comes the bugle note of the new born Confederacy. It fires the hearts of the brave men of the Palmetto state, and reverberates amid the flowery meads and orange groves of Florida, animating her patriots to strike for freedom; the sons of Georgia, and Alabama, and Mississippi, and Louisiana, and Arkansas, and Tennessee, catch its silver note, and rush a tide of living valor to the defense of home and native land; the men of the "Lone Star" state, imbued with the spirit of Churnbusco, Chapultepec, and the Alamo, pour their legions toward the North; and the heroes of North Carolina and Virginia, spring to its clarion call, as gladly as their fathers did in the morning of the Republic, to the call of Washington.

We see it all again. We see fathers putting away the clinging arms of children, and bending above the cradles of dimpled babes. And we see such partings of loved ones, as nearly press the life out of brave hearts.

Come with me My Countrymen, and let us see what these Southerners did, that has given them an immortality of honor.

Behold on the one side a government strengthened by the growth of seventy-two years, on the other, a government, yet in its swaddling bands.

On the side of the North, forces ultimately numbering two million eight hundred thousand men, drawn from a population of twenty million with the world for reinforcements, equipped with all the comforts and paraphernalia of war, on the side of the South, behold her six hundred thousand men, backed by a population of only six million, without manufactories or adequate munitions and means of war, with nothing to draw on, to fill her exhausted ranks, save the "cradle and the grave."

I have read of the Paladins of Richard, the Cohorts of Caesar, the Phalanxes of Macedon, the Legions of Gaul, the Granadiers of Frederick the Great, the Squares of Wellington, the "Old Guard" of Napoleon, and the splendid Corps of the North, but I tell you my Brothers, the Confederate soldier, with his old slouch hat, his bright bayonet, his half-starved form, it may be in tattered faded coat of gray, and shoeless feet, stands the supreme military figure of the ages. Says another:—"He was clothed in rags, but like his naked ancestors in the woods of Germany, he carried in his bosom the heart of a king.

He was hungry and cold, but his dauntless spirit glowed with the warmth of heroism and filled him with the joy of unconquerable manhood.

Few soldiers have equaled him in the misery and poverty of his equipment; none have surpassed him in the majesty of his spirit, or the heroism of his deeds." And what sea king ever surpassed our Semanes, and his Alabama?

HEROISM AND GENIUS.

At Sharpsburg Lee with forty thousand men repulsed McClelland and his army of ninety thousand veterans, whose discipline was superb, and who fought with the greatest gallantry.

Anon, we see the red battle flags and gray coats crowning the Heights of Fredericksburg, while Burnside's

splendid army deploys in line of battle in the valley below, a magnificent panorama moving to the roars of a hundred great guns on Stafford heights.

At the proper moment General Lee contracts his line of twenty-five miles to less than five, and with seveny-eight thousand soldiers, awaits the attacks of one hundred and thirteen thousand blue coats. Three times the Union troops assault the Confederate works in rapid succession, and with a courage and discipline marvelous to behold. Meagher's Irish Brigade, won an immortality of fame, at the foot of the stone wall held by North Carolina troops, and added new glory to the already luminous history of the Irish in battle. Victory remained with Lee.

When the spring of 1863 came, a mighty Federal army of one hundred and fifty-nine thousand, under General Hooker, an officer of ability, made the fourth grand "On to Richmond," but there, in the tangled growth of the Wilderness, they were met by forty-seven thousand Confederates, and hurled, broken and demoralized, across the Rappahanock. Lee's genius of battle, and Jackson's great flank movement, enrolled Chancellorsville by the side of Blenheim and Lutzen, Austerlitz and Jena. But the triumph was lost in the fall of Stonewall Jackson, the "right arm of Lee," whose death sent a chill to the heart of the Southern people.

On the 24th of June, 1863, the Army of Northern Virginia crossed the Potomac, and, says the historian, "The world will not soon see such a spectacle again." Seventy-two thousand muskets glistened in the sun; two hundred and sixty pieces of field ordnance were ready to envelope the foe in sheets of flame; fifteen thousand chosen horsemen followed the plume of Stuart, the "Harry Hotspur" of the South, and all yielded ready obedience to the illustrious and venerated Commander-in-Chief.

GETTYSBURG AND WATERLOO.

We cannot undertake to describe the Battle of Gettysburg in detail. To do so would require a volume. It was, perhaps, a greater battle than that of Waterloo. In many particulars they were strikingly alike, a review of which may prove interesting, but in two respects, which I desire to emphasize, they were remarkably dissimilar.

At Waterloo the English were fortified on Mount St.

Jean, the French were in the plain below. At Gettysburg the Federals were entrenched on Cemetery Heights, the Confederates on a low range of hills called Seminary Ridge. There were a hundred and fifty-two thousand troops engaged at Waterloo, one hundred and fifty-five thousand at Gettysburg. The loss in killed and wounded at Waterloo was forty-nine thousand, at Gettysburg forty-six thousand.

Had Napoleon opened the battle four hours sooner, he could have crushed Wellington before the arrival of Blucher. Had Longstreet moved his corps, when ordered by Lee, four hours sooner than he did, Sickles' and Hancock's corps would have been defeated before the Fifth and Sixth corps reached the field. Grouchy was separated from Napoleon at Waterloo, Stuart was separated from Lee at Gettysburg. Had his cavalry been with General Lee, or had he had a topographical staff to advise him of the nature of the country, the Federals would never have obtained possession of Cemetery Heights, thus *doubling* the strength of the Union Army. Had Napoleon been advised of the condition of the country, and not dependent for information upon the word of a hostile guide, two thousand of Milland's four thousand giant horsemen, with breast-plates of steel, led by Ney, would not have been crushed to death in the sunken road of Ohain; and the impact of that mighty mass would have broken the English centre. Napoleon staked all upon the charge of the Old Guard; Lee staked all upon the Greatest Charge of modern times.

Here, the wonderful similarity between these battles ceases.

When defeat came to the French army, it became a demoralized mob and rushed *pell-mell* from the field. When defeat came to the Confederates, the Army of Northern Virginia was no panic-stricken mob. General Meade afterwards declared he saw "in it no symptoms of demoralization." General Lee and his army expected and anxiously awaited an attack, but it never came. Both armies remained in position until the night of the 4th of July, and then moved, one down the eastern the other down the western side of South Mountain, with their banners turned toward Hagerstown.

The French army at Waterloo, composed of veterans whose tramp had shaken every throne in Europe, and given to France such victories as Friedland and Marengo, and Austerlitz, and Jena, and Borodino, and Bautzan, and Leipsic, and Ligny, became a flying, hopeless, helpless rout, while Lee's veterans at Gettysburg, under similar or worse conditions, stood a *bank of steel*, defying attack.

The other difference which I desire to emphasize is this: Wandering in the darkness upon the fatal and fateful field of Waterloo, Napoleon sought death by English bullets, while General Lee at Gettysburg, incomparably grander, as his shattered divisions marched by, exclaimed, "Human virtue should be equal to human calamity."

So against the Lilies of France, we place the Stars and Bars, and against the genius of Napoleon, that of Robert E. Lee.

NORTH CAROLINA AT GETTYSBURG.

And what was North Carolina's part in the battle of Gettysburg? It is our duty to chronicle her deeds on that field whenever occasion offers.

For thirty years we have heard of Pickett's Virginians, and but little to the honor of the North Carolinians in that great battle. We have allowed others to write our history quite long enough. They have written it to suit themselves. How many North Carolinians were in that charge? The Eleventh, Twenty-sixth, Forty-seventh and Fifty-second Regiments North Carolina Troops of Pettigrew's Brigade; the Seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh Regiments of Lane's Brigade; and the Thirteenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-second, Thirty-fourth and Thirty-eighth of Scales' Brigade, and one North Carolina Regiment of Davis' Mississippi Brigade.

Of Lane's thirteen hundred veterans, six hundred were left on the field. Of Pettigrew's Brigade of seventeen hundred, eleven hundred remained on the field. And Scales' Brigade suffered in the same proportion. Many of the North Carolina Regiments had been cut to pieces, and were exhausted by the fight of the first day, in which Pickett's troops had not participated.

The North Carolinians, in sweeping up the slope of Cemetery Heights, *met obstacles*, and were *mowed down by showers of grape and canister*, which Pickett's command fortunately *escaped*.

Pettigrew was commanding Heth's Division. Notwithstanding their decimated ranks, the natural obstacles and the awful havoc of the artillery, the North Carolinians penetrated furthest into the Federal lines, and Lane's Troops were the last to retire from the Federal guns.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I would not utter one word in disparagement of the sublime courage and patriotism of Pickett's magnificent body of Heroes, nor of any Confederate command present, but I state the facts of History, and ask for justice for North Carolina's sons, who poured out their life-blood like water, at the foot of the Pennsylvania mountains, on that fiery, fatal third day of July, 1863. These North Carolinians had won the victory of the first day, and the historian tells us that these same men, Heth's gallant division, intrepidly maintained itself not long afterwards at the Wilderness, for three hours against the *combined power* of the Federal army.

GRANT AND THE SURRENDER OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

In May, 1864, commenced the beginning of the end. Grant crossed the Rapidan with an army of one hundred and forty-two thousand veteran troops, while the forces at the command of Lee numbered only fifty-two thousand six hundred and twenty-six. Notwithstanding this disparity, the Army of Northern Virginia was unshaken and dangerous. It was an army of "veterans sharpened to a perfect edge," as a Northern writer declared.

Grant, an able soldier with wonderful persistence, discarded the science of war and resorted to *mere attrition*, knowing that he could better afford to lose ten men than Lee could one.

Soon followed the ferocious struggle of the Wilderness. The bloody scenes of Spotsylvania Court House and Cold Harbor, the long-drawn-out, but sublime defense of Petersburg and then—Appomattox.

The supreme hour had come. The Army of Northern Virginia, of twenty-six thousand men, with only seven thousand, eight hundred men with muskets in their hands, surrounded by the massive lines of Grant 150,000 strong, is about to surrender. The brightest orb that ever traversed faine's burning elliptic is about to disappear from the sight of men forever, but like the orb of day, as it sinks beneath the western wave, it is to leave a light behind that is to irradiate the earth.

There stood the starving, shattered remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, whose conquering banners had waved in triumph over eight and twenty sanguinary fields of battle; that had wrestled with death, and won victory, and suffered defeat through four gigantic campaigns, and strewed its heroic dead from the crest of Cemetery Heights to the gates of Virginia's capital city.

That army, my brothers, that had eternized the name of Beauregard with First Manassas, and adorned the brow of Joe Johnston with the splendid wreath of Seven Pines, carved the name of Jackson upon the granite foundations of the Blue Ridge, and wrought the battle fires of four long years into a diadem of glory for the brow of Robert Lee.

A GREAT CONFEDERATE MUSEUM AND ROYAL GALLERY
OF LEADERS.

France has her Muse d'Artillerie and Salle des Armes in which are collected the wonders and mementoes of her victories and campaigns. It may be that in the future we may see a mighty Confederate Museum in Richmond, the gateway of the Southern Confederacy. Its courts containing the curios, battle flags and relics of our terrific contest, and its walls mosaiced with tablets and enriched with portraits of the great leaders of the Confederacy—Jefferson Davis, who upheld the fortunes of the South, as Hector did those of Troy; Robert E. Lee, who Stonewall Jackson said he "would follow blind-fold," and who the military critics of Europe rank with Cæsar and Napoleon; Albert Sidney Johnson, who for the South sacrificed his life at Shiloh, and who, Swinton says, was "the brightest star in the firmament of the Southern Confederacy;" Joseph E. Johnson, who Grant

said he "feared more than any commander ever in his front;" P. T. Beauregard, the greatest military engineer since Todleben; and Jubal A. Early, the great lieutenant of Lee; the chivalric commander of the Light Division; A. P. Hill, and Richard Ewell, the splendid soldier trained by Jackson; D. H. Hill, the magnificent commander, and Hood, the indomitable and impetuous Texan; Longstreet, the Macdonald of the army; Wade Hampton, the chivalric Knight of Carolina, and the intrepid soldier, R. F. Hoke; Fitz Lee, the splendid Cavalier of the Confederacy, and Forrest, the Murat of the Southwest; Wheeler, the great cavalryman, and Pettigrew, whose "name is as immortal as the stars." There we would read of the deeds, and see the portrait, of the noble Ashby, the gallant Pelham, the splendid Pendleton, the heroic Pender and Daniels, and Branch, and Whiting, and Fisher, and Robert Ransom, and Grimes and Cox, and Robert Vance, and W. P. Roberts; of Ramseur, the superb; of J. E. B. Stuart, the greatest cavalryman, Gen. Hooker declared, "yet born on this continent," and of many others I cannot now mention.

A noble ex-Confederate soldier, now living in the city of New York, Charles Broadway Rouss, has already signified a princely generosity by offering to give two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to help erect a Confederate Museum. We salute him in the name of the Southern people, and thank him in the name of our sacred cause.

In Hopkinsville, Kentucky, is a column to the memory of one hundred and one unknown Confederate soldiers. Upon a bronze panel is this inscription:

"Around this column is buried all of heroism that could die."

John C. Latham, Jr., now of New York City, erected this monument, but his name no where appears upon it. He thus reduced the golden rule to a granite shaft, which will perpetuate his splendid unselfishness and nobility of soul, as it will the courage of the dead heroes beneath it.

A CONFEDERATE COLUMN AND ITS INSCRIPTIONS.

I wish to see a colossal column erected to the private soldiers of the Confederacy, not by individuals, but by the Federal government; and if not, then by the South.

ern States. And somewhere on that column, by the side of the story of other men's splendid heroism, I would wish to read proper recognition of the deeds of one of the "bravest of the brave."

Victor Hugo says "Cambronne was sublime at Waterloo" when he refused to surrender the last square of the "Old Guard," and fell, with his men, under the fire of the English batteries.

Let me name a soldier who was equally as brave at Gettysburg: Bertie's own son, Captain Francis W. Bird, Company C, E'eventh North Carolina Regiment, who lost thirty-four out of thirty-eight men on the first and second days, with the remaining four went into the great charge of the third, and brought out his flag with his own hand. All honor to his memory to-day.

And on that Confederate monument should be carved words telling in fitting terms of the endurance, patience, love and heroism of the Women of the South.

Without the Confederate private, the officers would have no niche in the Temple of Fame; without the Confederate officers, the Confederate soldier would not stand the supreme figure of the ages; without the Confederate woman, both would have lacked the inspiration that made them immortal.

And should any such memorial be erected, there should appear on it the name of the Great War Governor of North Carolina. My countrymen, when the fathers of this commonwealth shall, in years to come, wish to point their sons to some illustrious exemplar of purity in life, fidelity in friendship, and grandeur in statesmanship, they will take their little ones upon their knees and teach them to lisp and to love the name of Vance.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CHICAGO.

And now all hail to the citizens of Chicago, who, with a patriotism as broad as the Union, recently set the republic a lesson in true nobility by unveiling a splendid monument to our six thousand Confederate dead in Camp Douglas, in the Metropolis of the West.

That monument, it seems to me, is the grandest yet erected on the earth. Others have been reared by friends and by fellow-countrymen, never divided by the crimson

hand of war. But this monument was erected not by their loving brothers in gray, but chiefly by their once fierce foes in blue. It stands not in the land of Jefferson Davis, but in the adopted State of Abraham Lincoln. About it beautiful women of the South sang no songs of love, but brave women of the North with flowers wreathed the battery at its base, contributed by the government, and paid tribute in words that gave new glory to the flag of the Union.

God bless the citizens of Chicago for their broad-mindedness, unselfishness and generosity. The Great South in love presses to her bosom her splendid sister, whose imperial domain lies beneath the setting sun; and whose sons and daughters are as brave and beautiful, patriotic and progressive as any of the children of men.

That Confederate monument they recently unveiled in Chicago, it seems to me, is the grandest yet erected on this globe. And beautifully did General Hampton say, and right gladly do we endorse his words: "All honor then to the brave and liberal men of Chicago, who have shown by their action that they regard the war as over, and that they can welcome as friends, on this solemn and auspicious occasion, their former enemies. As long as this lofty column points to heaven, as long as one stone of its foundation remains, future generations of Americans should look upon it with pride, not only as an honor to those who conceived its construction, but as a silent, though noble emblem of a restored Union and a reunited people. In the name of my comrades, dead and living, and in my own name, I give grateful thanks to the brave men of Chicago, who have done honor to our dead Confederate soldiers."

THE FALSE AND COWARD CRY OF REBELS AND REBEL- LION.

In the presence of the record of the Confederate soldier, there are men, fortunately but few in number, sufficiently malicious and cowardly to refer to him as a traitor and a rebel. Those who utter this base calumny are densely ignorant, or infamously false. We despise the cowardly aspersion. We protest against it in the name of the Southern people. We repel it in the

name of Alamance and Mecklenburg, King's Mountain, and Guilford Court House. We spurn it in the name of eighty years of American history, during which the councils of this Republic were directed and controlled by Southern statesmen. Who wrote the Declaration of Independence? Whose sword beat back the hosts of Britain? What jurist most adorned the Supreme Bench of this Nation? Whose tongue fired the American heart with the love of freedom and cried "Give me liberty or give me death!" Whose valor at New Orleans cut to pieces the flower of the English army and rolled back the tide of invasion?

Vile calumniator he, who dares affirm that one drop of Rebel blood ever flowed in the veins of the descendants of Jefferson, and Jackson, and Patrick Henry and Marshall and Madison, and George Washington and their compatriots. Against the base imputation we appeal to the words of Lincoln, and Grant, and Greeley, who declared that the Constitution was "silent about Secession, and that it was a question of construction and policy." Rebels! The battle flags of the Confederacy fluttered over half a continent and the thunder of its guns echoed around the globe. When before in the history of the world were there such rebels? It was not a rebellion, but a gigantic war.

When before in the history of the world were rebels treated as were the armies of the Confederacy by the terms of the surrender at Appomattox?

What did General Grant mean by addressing a rebel in all his correspondence, as General R. E. Lee, commanding the Confederate States Armies?

Why did the United States Government fail to prosecute Jefferson Davis? Because the best lawyers of the North and of Europe, advised that the prosecution for treason could not be sustained.

Whenever you hear the vile epithet of rebel applied to the Confederate soldier tell the base slanderer that Stonewall Jackson said, "Our late conflict was not a rebellion, but the 'Second war of Independence.'"

THE SOUTH AND THE UNION—CONCLUSION.

Behold the South! How beautiful! In 1865 she

emerged from the fire and smoke of battle, her fair form gashed with grievous wounds, and red with her blood. She staggered under the burden of a loss of three billion dollars worth of slaves, four billions of other values, and a mighty incubus, growing out of new conditions. She placed her trust in the men, and the sons of the men, who had crowned her with glory in war, and lo! she stands to-day, superb in her imperial power and loveliness—not a New South, but a Progressive South, sweeping along the pathway of Anglo Saxon supremacy, and civil liberty.

Not long since, Reverend Dr. Madison Peters, of New York, said, "I wish to apologize to the South for the uncharitable thoughts I have entertained touching her loyalty to the Union. I know now, said he, that if the tocsin of war should be sounded, a foreign foe invade our shores, or an insurrection arise in our midst, two million men, heavily armed, would come from the South, and rally around the flag of the Union.

He added, "The South may yet be called upon to save the North from the reckless immigration, that is undermining her social order, and threatening our institutions."

From the base of the Confederate Monument, we recently unveiled, in our Capital city, we pledge our brothers of the North that the opinion expressed by Dr. Peters is fully justified by the patriotism and loyalty of the Southern people. The Stars and the Stripes is our flag. It floats above our homes, and will rustle in beauty above the graves of our loved ones. If it is not our flag, we have none. When this country needs brave hearts to defend it,—all will see,

"Whose dripping blades and stalwart arms,
Will hue a red circle in the line,
And fence our Country's flag from harm."

But we of the South demand a "Union of the States with such a jealous regard for one another's rights, that when the interest and honor of one are assailed all the rest feeling the wound will kindle with just resentment at the outrage."

And not until bad men of the North cease to slander

and to misconstrue the motives of Southern men, can there be that perfect union of hearts so earnestly desired by all good men both North and South.

Loyal to this Union, standing ready to defend it against internal strife or a world in arms, we dedicate ourselves anew to the perpetuation of our sacred memories.

Devoted to the "Stars and Stripes," we will gather, ever and anon about the "Stars and Bars," and wet it with tears of love, and all brave men will understand.

“Four stormy years we saw it gleam,
A people's hope—and then refurled
Even while its glory was the theme—
Of half the world.

They jeer, who trembled as it hung
Comet-like, blazoning the sky,
And heroes, such as Homer sung,
Followed it—to die.”

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